THE DAY AMERICA WILL NEVER FORGET... MEMORIALIZED FOREVER WITH THESE MANN CO. COMMEMORATIVE PLATES!

Poopy Joe
"Taken Too Soon"

Where were **YOU** the day American monkeynaut Poopy Joe was just moments away from being launched into space at the **DOME OF THE HEAVENS**—long thought by the government's top astrologists to be the **BARRIER** between our world and **BEYOND?** Our lawyers will tell you where **WE** were: nowhere near the launch site, and having **NOTHING WHATSOEVER** to do with the tragic explosion that occurred moments later.

America's dream of conquering space may have died that day... but **YOUR** dream of owning plates **COMMEMORATING** that dream will live on forever!

EACH MANN CO. COMMEMORATIVE PLATE LOVINGLY DEPICTS A MANN CO. TOOL POOPY JOE WOULD HAVE USED IN ACTUAL SPACE!

The *PICKAXE* Poopy Joe would have used to *PIERCE* the *VAULT OF HEAVEN* itself!

The *GIANT SWORD* Poopy Joe would have used to fight off Soviet monkeynaut Vladimir Bananas! How do you like the taste of *AMERICAN STEEL*, comrade?

The tiny *BUGLE* we gave him to blow on in case he got in trouble, so that we could launch *ANOTHER MONKEY INTO SPACE* to help him!

If you order now, we'll include a bonus plate showing the *EXPLOSION* of his capsule. Try to imagine it reflected in the *TEAR-STAINED EYE OF AN EAGLE!*

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO OWN FLORIDA?

Lots of people TALK about OWNING FLORIDA, but few have the GRIT to step up and TAKE it. Send $550,000 to PO Box 857, Saratoga NJ

TAKE THE LIFE OF FRED ASTAIRE

WITH THIS ROCKET LAUNCHER

Transfer his fame to you!!!!
PO Box 857, Saratoga NJ

SCARE HER INTO LOVING YOU

With the **How-to-Date Book Series!** Includes: Gorilla Mask, Fake Hospital Chart (Says "Diabetes" on it), Novelty Defibrillator, Styrofoam Tombstone (Put your name on it... or HERS!), Break-Away Noose. Write to BOX 857, Saratoga NJ

LARATE... THE SUPER-FAST KARATE!

Larate is a centuries-old Oriental art sped up fast so it is even more dangerous. Your arms and legs and head will be atom-age super-weapons. No man will dare attack you, and no woman dare love you for fear of accidental "bedroom" death. Larate Kit includes Super-Speed, Super-Attacks, Super-Kicks and Super-Larate Costume. Send $1.06 to PO Box 857, Saratoga NJ

"I would recommend this... if I wasn't so SCARED!"

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SENATOR PETER THOMAS (R-KENTUCKY). Mr. Hale, it has been pointed out that Poopy Joe was last seen entering your launch facility.

MR. HALE. He was seen after that. For instance, during the launch.

SEN. THOMAS. And what happened to him during the launch?

MR. HALE. He was very happy.

SEN. THOMAS. That doesn't answer my —

MR. HALE. After he got back safe and sound, of course, we sent the little guy on an all-expenses paid vacation for his service to America. For all I know, he's still there.

SEN. THOMAS. And where did you send him?

MR. HALE. Bahamas? Bahrain? It definitely started with a Bah.

SEN. THOMAS. Bahamas or Bahrain.

MR. HALE. Or Bar. Could have started with Bar. Or Ber.

SEN. THOMAS. Do you have documentation regarding this paid vacation?

MR. HALE. Berhuboa? Is that a place?

SEN. THOMAS. That is not a place.

MR. HALE. Bahorda?

SEN. THOMAS. Mr. Hale, is there documentation regarding this vacation?

MR. HALE. Bazurbits? Damn. This is going to bother me all day.

(cross-talk)

SENATOR ART BRACKMAN (R-FLORIDA). I'll ask you point blank, where is Poopy Joe?

MR. HALE. Have you looked in space? I understand monkeynauts are often found there.

SEN. BRACKMAN. America hasn't undertaken any space missions since our monkeynaut went missing, largely due to a lack of monkeynauts.

MR. HALE. It seems unlikely that he was — is — the only monkeynaut.

SEN. BRACKMAN. He was the only monkeynaut with the training to fly to space.

MR. HALE. Nonsense. Space can't be that difficult.

SEN. BRACKMAN. Not only are our other monkeynauts incapable of conducting the complex tasks required in space, they all died in training.

MR. HALE. Which raises the possibility that Poopy Joe is simply hiding to avoid space danger.

SENATOR MITCHELL GRAY (D-CALIFORNIA). Let's try this approach: what sorts of equipment did you give Poopy Joe to ensure his safety?

MR. HALE. All kinds of equipment.

SEN. GRAY. Can you please be more specific?

(pause)

MR. HALE. Safety equipment.

SEN. GRAY. Can you describe this equipment?

MR. HALE. I don't want to bore people. This hearing's already been going on for hours.

SEN. GRAY. Indulge us, please.

MR. HALE. Well, if a monkey were being launched into space, that monkey would hypothetically be given a helmet.

SEN. GRAY. And what would the helmet protect him from, Mr. Hale?

MR. HALE. Head trauma. Don't you people even know what a helmet is? Who elected you?

(cross-talk)

SENATOR MARK DELACOURT (I-INDIANA). The crux of the matter remains, neither our nation's entire supply of Australium nor Poopy Joe have been seen by anyone - your claims notwithstanding - once they entered your launch facility.

MR. HALE. Is that a question? I didn't hear a question.

SEN. DELACOURT. Oh for – where is Poopy Joe? Where's the damn Australium?

MR. HALE. For the last time, I have no idea where that brave little monkey is.

SEN. DELACOURT. I posit to you that *you* stole the Australium, Mister Hale, and substituted it with gravel water from defective suitcase explosives, which directly led to a crash of some kind, which *you've* covered up.

MR. HALE. Why you –

(fight)

SEN. BRACKMAN. Not only are our other monkeynauts incapable of conducting the complex tasks required in space, they all died in training.

MR. HALE. Which raises the possibility that Poopy Joe is simply hiding to avoid space danger.

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which
you've covered up.

MR. HALE. Why you —

(fight)

INCINERATE

your company, TF Industries, underbid every other space program in America. Can you recall by what margin?

Ms. [redacted]. I cannot.

SEN. DELACOURT. TF Industries agreed to shoot a monkey into space for one dollar.

Ms. [redacted]. I see.

SEN. DELACOURT. At which time, Ms. [redacted], the United States *in good faith* sent your facility its entire national reserve of Australium to power the rocket.

Ms. [redacted]. You did.

SEN. DELACOURT. Would it surprise you to learn that we found the crash site, and no trace of Australium was uncovered?

Ms. [redacted]. Senator, are you asking me what I may or may not be surprised by?

SENATOR MITCHELL GRAY (D-CALIFORNIA). It's clear to us you took the Australium. What this subcommittee wants to know is, what did you plan to do with it?

(pause)

Ms. [redacted]. You'd really like to know.

SEN. GREY. Ms. [redacted], yes.

Ms. [redacted]. Very well. For [redacted] years I have been stockpiling Australium to [redacted] and also thus preventing [redacted] in order to [redacted] eighteen perfect idiots to [redacted].

INCINERATE

(gasps)

SEN. GREY. Dear Lord in Heaven.

Ms. [redacted]. Will that be all, gentlemen?

SEN. DELACOURT. I — yes. Yes. I need to get home to my family, this is [indecipherable]

Ms. [redacted]. Good day to you.

[Thereupon at 1:45 p.m., the executive session was concluded.]

INCINERATE

your company, TF Industries, underbid every other
program in America. Can you recall by what

to my family.
Ms. [redacted]. Good day to you.
[Thereupon at 1:45 p.m., the executive session
concluded.]

I, Zephariah Mann, being of sound mind, do hereby vow to haunt the earth as a horrifying poltergeist, until such time as I have quenched my all-consuming thirst for vengeance against the world, and especially against my dunderhead sons.

If it takes a brave man to admit he is in error, then surely a man willing to admit both of his sons are stumble-bum nutterheads is twice as brave. It was they who convinced me to spend the entirety of my sizeable fortune purchasing land in the unclaimed frontier of the Americas, in the hope of expanding our weapons concern to the uncolonized westernmost regions. Many tales did they whisper in my too credulous ears, of gravel as far as the eye can see, for any man with strong back and iron spirit to harness. Long did I dream of transforming these virgin lands, and its vast holes into the world's most majestic and profitable pits of gravel. But when at last we arrived, we found only "fool's gravel" — my nitwit sons had purchased a continent-sized parcel of sand! It is here in this wind-swept desert hell that I fear I shall breathe my last.

Since moving from my Cambridgeshire estate to the untamed frontier I have contracted putrid fever, bilious fever, blackwater fever, green fever, spotted fever — even womb fever, as a complication from a serious bout of superfluous uterus. On our sailing trip to the new world I contracted white plague, marasmus, sweating sickness, deplumatious tumors of the eyelids, pleurisy, membranous croup and scarlet rash; during the drive west I contracted brain itch, stomatitis and blood poisoning; since settling our estate I have contracted falling sickness, walking sickness, stationary sickness, shingles, jaundiced spine and skull bloat. I contracted scrivener's palsy in the writing of this last will & testament. Possessing no paper in this godforsaken frontier, I have penned this on my own skin, which has slaughed off in quantity since contracting impetigo.

To the kat-smelling, uneducated simpletons of the untamed Americas, I leave only this curse — as weapons have caused my downfall, so will I engineer the downfall of any soul who puts one to use near my restless grave. Shoot over my bones, and I shall visit upon you a haunting the likes of which you have never seen.

To my dearest maidservant Elizabeth I leave the rest and residue of my estate — including all deeds, accounts, debts public and private — my tobacco plantation — and what remains of the fortune my addle-pated sons have squandered. Find the gravel that I was unable to find! Honor me by placing it inside a pit!

To my faithful aide and tracker, Barnabas Hale of the savage Australias, I divest compleat control of the Mann & Sons Munitions Concern. You procured the poppy flowers required for the medicines that gave me succor from the pains of my many warring ailments. It has been pleasant to not shriek myself to sleep.

To my layabout, brain defective sons, Plutarch and Redmond, I leave the greatest curse of all — partnership. What land I have purchased in this new world is to be split evenly between you both. You have wasted your lives bickering over nothing, and so I leave you dimwits something of consequence over which to feud.

Lastly, to [redacted], I leave the entirety of my [redacted] and swear you to utmost secrecy in its keeping.

God and His angels will have to drag me screaming to Heaven. I do not want to die! Damn you all to Hell!

Zephariah Mann

I, Zephaniah Mann, being of sound mind, do hereby vow to haunt the earth as a horrifying poltergeist, until such time as I have quenched my all-consuming thirst for vengeance against the world, and especially against my dunderhead sons.

If it takes a brave man to admit he is in error, then surely a man willing to admit both of his sons are stumble-bum muttonheads is twice as brave. It was they who convinced me to spend the entirety of my sizeable fortune purchasing land in the unclaimed frontier of the Americas, in the hope of expanding our weapons concern to the uncolonized westernmost regions. Many tales did they whisper in my too credulous ears of gravel, as far as the eye can see, for any man with strong back and iron spirit to harness. Long did I dream of transforming these virgin lands, and its vast holes, into the world's most majestic and profitable pits of gravel. But when at last we arrived, we found only "fool's gravel" — my nitwit sons had purchased a continent-sized parcel of sand! It is here in this wind-swept desert hell that I fear I shall breathe my last.

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Lastly, to most trusted Elizabeth I leave the entirety of my "miracle" gravel cache, uncovered with Barnabas during a trip to Terra Australis. My weakling son Gray resurfaced last year and has threatened to blackmail me for it. I give the gravel to you and swear you to utmost secrecy in its keeping.

God and His angels will have to drag me screaming to Heaven. I do not want to die! Damn you all to Hell!

Zephaniah Mann

Hey SNIPER!

NICE JARATE!

THANKS, PAL! WHUFF...

HA HA HA! UNGH...

THWAM

WHOK

DARN IT! ANOTHER SKULL FRACTURE! IF ONLY THERE WAS A BETTER WAY TO CELEBRATE WITH MY FRIENDS BESIDES PUNCHING THEM IN THE FACE WHILE THEY PUNCH ME IN THE FACE!

HIGH FIVE? THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING!

LATER.

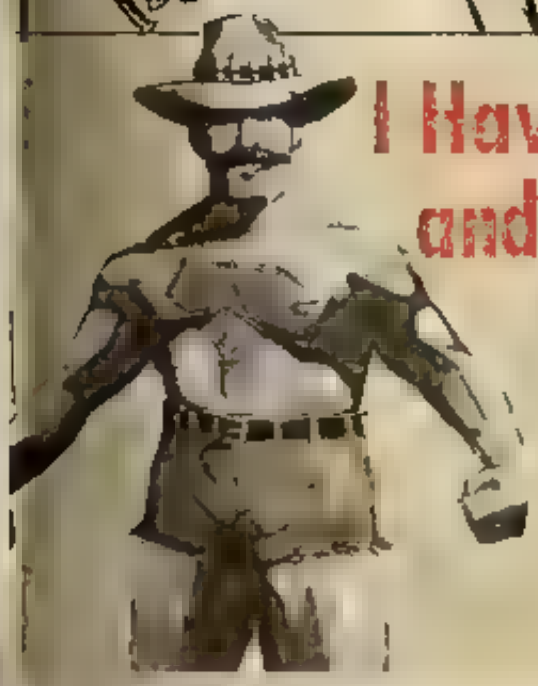
YOU AGAIN! SPECIAL DELIVERY -- COURTESY OF WHAT'S IN MY BODY!

WHY DO YOU KEEP DOING THIS

SLAPADAP

YEAH!

WOW! IT REALLY WORKS!



I Have Invented the "High Five" -- and I Will Teach YOU How to Use it!

I'm Saxton Hale, Inventor of Jarate... the JAR-Based Karate! And as the events dramatized in the comic above explain, I can turn your hand into a lethal celebratory weapon.

If you have read this far I am assuming you don't know what a high five is. If that's the case, would you believe that I invented it? And would you further believe that it is very complicated and expensive to learn? I'll bet you would!

LEGAL NOTICE:

Thanks to those busybodies in Washington, only the initiator has to have purchased the high-five taunt item. Any other friendly character (read: moocher) on the server can respond by pressing their taunt key, regardless of whether they have the new item.

SOLDIER NEEDS A HOME

"You never clean!" Merasmus screamed.
"The toilet's filled with sour cream!"

"That skull you're holding feeds on souls!
T'was forged in Hell! *It's not a bowl!*"

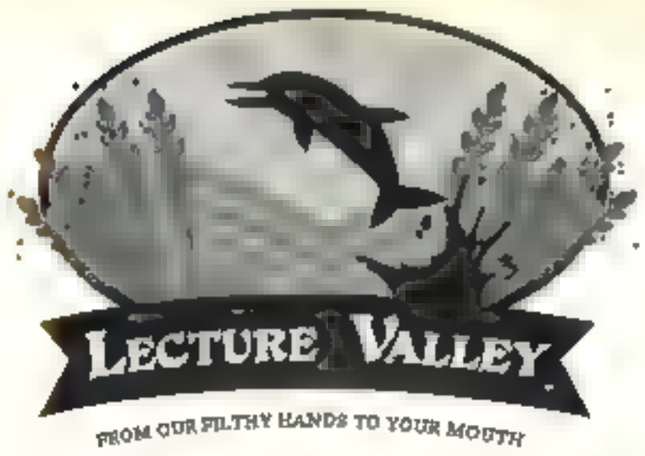
"You eat my food! You wear my robes!
Enough, I say! Now hit the road!"

"He's not too clever," thought the Spy.
"Maybe I don't NEED to lie."

"I'll just sit still. I just won't breathe.
Perhaps he'll think I'm dead and leave."

"Oh good!" the Soldier said, however.
"I think he's dead! I'll stay forever!"

PAID ADVERTISEMENT



Local. Sustainable. Artisanal. Responsible. Placenta. These are just a few of the words you'll overhear at Lecture Valley Farms, an eco-friendly, all-volunteer baking cooperative with **five just-opened locations** in the Greater Badlands area

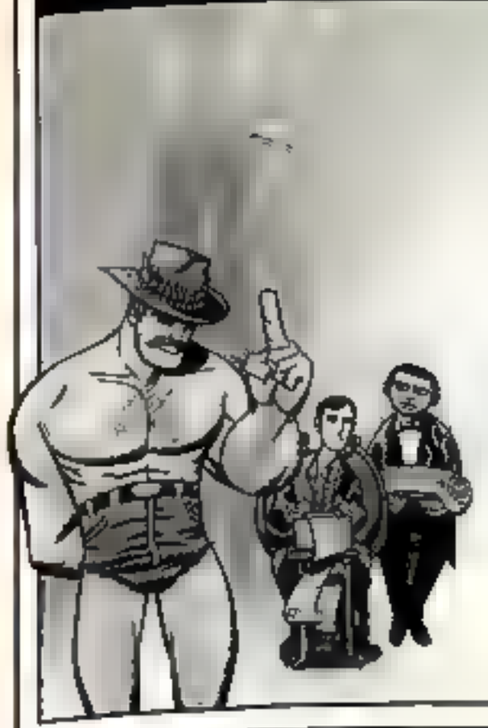
Each and every loaf starts with a generous helping of thistles, bark, nutmeg, and milk from a lactating dolphin. Our dolphins are housed on-premises in tanks of essential oils and sorghum bacteria, and raised on a macrobiotic diet of raw pre-chewed root vegetables and beef-fed grass.

Pesticide-free? That's the easy part. We believe that crop damage is a social construct and invite all wheat-eating insects to join us on our bread-making journey. That's why Lecture Valley retains a full-time staff of emotional literacy consultants, who monitor our dolphins for any chirps or squeaks that might be perceived as non-inclusive to grain weevils.

Why are we here in the Badlands? Because we know you're *better than your reputation*. "The entire Badlands area is nothing but hired killers, hat fetishists and scabby hill folk," some say. "They're too unsophisticated to appreciate an eighteen-dollar loaf of insect-filled bread."

Well, we're here to prove them wrong. Together.

MANN CO.



It's been a bad year for the Badlands, and that means it's been a **great** year for Mann Co! A lot of awful local businesses went bankrupt trying to sell non-lethal, non-hat products that nobody wanted. So we went to some estate sales and bought up all their assets for a song. Now we're passing the savings onto both of us!

If you're wondering why we're trying to sell you products nobody wanted the first time, don't worry. We've jammed as many hats and guns into this crap as possible. When that wasn't possible, we figured out a way to make the product kill somebody. When that didn't work, we put it in a bag and marked it down to almost free. If we still can't sell it after that, we'll probably burn it.

Saxton Hale

"EIGHTEEN-DOLLAR BREAD"

Full of bugs. Smells like fish and old milk. Was eighteen dollars for some reason. Now it's... I don't know, a dollar? Free? Maybe we'll throw in a free loaf with every purchase. All I know is we've got a barn full of the stuff and it doesn't seem to go bad or catch fire.

50 ACRES of **FARM LAND**

Came with some bakery we bought. Was full of crazy people eating pine cones and yelling at dolphins for making fun of bugs. Anyway, we "took care of it," if you follow us. If you buy it maybe don't go digging around in the garden. Just leave that garden be.

BAG OF DOLPHIN MEAT

Twelve pounds of room-temperature fish-beef. It is the "beef of the sea". Raw, mostly spoiled. A delicacy in foreign lands, now in bag form.

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE UPCOMING MANN CO. PRODUCTS ➲

UPCOMING PRODUCTS *from* MANN CO.

HATS ■ MUNITIONS ■ BODILY FLUID-BASED PROJECTILES ■ BEARD-CAMERAS ■ BACCARAT DETECTORS ■ AND MORE

MEN!

Sick and tired of robots getting all the women? Beat those rusty Romeos, clanking Casanovas and leaden lotharios at their own game with a MANN. CO ROBOT DISGUISE ROMANCE KIT!

PLAY THE PIANO WHILE I BEAT YOU UP

I am a tone-deaf man with no musical talent. I can never learn to play the piano but you can! Learn how while I take out my rage at my own inadequacies on you, with my 12-STEP MANN CO. PIANO LESSONS!

Impress the Opposite Sex With Your New

SEX TELESCOPE

Sex Telescope Kit includes regular telescope, nutmeg.

TIRED OF PEOPLE FLIPPING YOUR TABLE?

Do you provoke people into blind rages? Are your monthly table bills bleeding you dry? Just because you are an AWFUL PERSON doesn't mean you deserve to get your table wrecked. My Table Flipping Avoidance course covers over 500 table-flipping triggers. In just weeks, you will learn not to:

- Tell people they've gained weight
- Make fun of their "stupid face"
- Make fun of their "stupid diabetes"
- Spit in their mouths
- Brag about your table
- Make fun of their big, muscular arms
- Doubt their ability to flip things
- AND MORE!

DISPENSER COSTUMES

Dress up like your favorite characters from the cancelled dispenser-sponsored children's cartoon *"Provisions Dispenser Land"!* Dispenso! Provizshawn! Mrs. Dispenso! We've got costumes of them all! In bulk. Why not buy all of them? Corner the dispenser costume market! You could become a **MILLIONAIRE!**

Secrets of the Orient...
REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH...

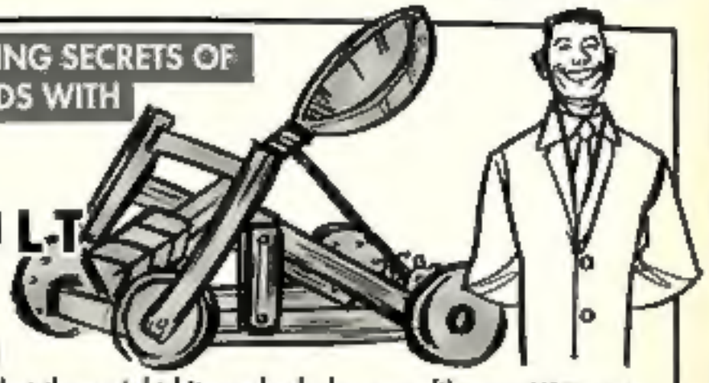
"NUTMEG"

THE "FORBIDDEN" ORIENTAL SEX SPICE

Ju Kitsu Masters have guarded the secrets of "nutmeg" for untold centuries. NO LONGER! Unleash its fearsome power TODAY! POUR IT ON PEOPLE HAVING SEX AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS. You will be amazed.

MASTER THE FIGHTING SECRETS OF MEDIEVAL COWARDS WITH

A CATAPULT



Hi, I'm Terry. If you're like me, you enjoy hitting people, but are terrified that they might hit you back, because, like me, YOU ARE A COWARD. What if I told you they won't be ABLE to hit you back, thanks to my ***FOUR-STEP CATAPULT FIGHTING TECHNIQUE?***

STEP ONE: Find somebody who is too far away to hit you. (This is important. Some people have long arms.) STEP TWO: Catapult to them SUPER FAST and punch them right in their brave fat face. STEP THREE: Use your catapult momentum to KEEP MOVING, so they can't hit you back. STEP FOUR: Move to a new house in a new city so the person you hit can never find you! Buy a catapult today!

VALVE
PRESENTS
THE SACRIFICE
AND OTHER STEAM-POWERED STORIES

THE SPY UPDATE

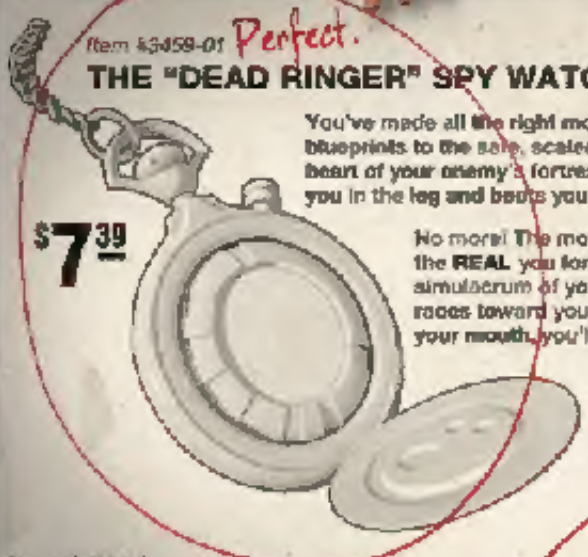
THE CLOAK AND DAGGER & THE DEAD RINGER

REPORTS OF YOUR DEATH WILL BE GREATLY EXAGGERATED

DAPPER ROGUE Catalogue for the Gentleman Scoundrel

Item #3459-01 Perfect.

THE "DEAD RINGER" SPY WATCH



$7.39

You've made all the right moves – conducted weeks of reconnaissance, stolen the blueprints to the safe, scaled the sheer mountain wall and penetrated deep into the heart of your enemy's fortress in disguise. Then some mouth-breathing guard shoots you in the leg and beats you to death with your own ski mask.

No more! The moment you receive a non-lethal hit, the Dead Ringer cloaks the **REAL** you for up to **EIGHT SECONDS** while creating a realistic simulacrum of your grisly death and limp corpse. By the time your adversary races toward your "body" to frisk you for cash and pull gold fillings out of your mouth, you'll already be behind him, poised for the killing blow.

Note to self. Get these express mailed.

Item #3459-02

THE "CLOAK AND DAGGER" SPY WATCH

$5.65

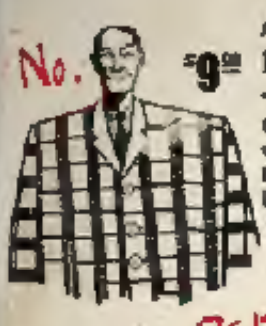
All historians agree that George Washington's greatest regret was not being **PERMANENTLY INVISIBLE**. Now you can succeed where the man who invented America failed. Be invisible forever with the Cloak and Dagger Spy Watch!

"Liar!" owners of our classic Cloak Device may be yelling. "When I'm invisible my power is constantly draining!" Not with the Cloak and Dagger. So long as you stand still, your cloak will **REGENERATE INDEFINITELY**. Only movement drains its power.

But attention, fans of picking up metal objects: The Cloak and Dagger is **ONLY** powered by standing still.

Could use this.

No.



Item #3459-03

MACROFILM SUIT

$9.98

These days, who doesn't know to look for microfilm? But watch them **WALK RIGHT PAST** your macrofilm suit. Hide in plain sight! Here is the trick: **NOBODY** expects microfilm to be big. That is the trick.

Ridiculous.

Item #3459-08

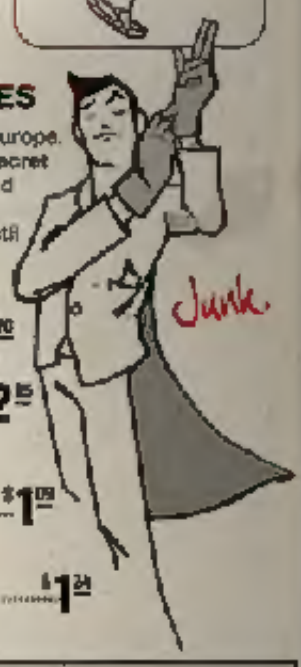
CAMERA BEARD

$4.12

Is it a beard? Or is it a camera? No one will guess that it is both! Great for infiltrating lumber yards, Canada, and strongman competitions.

Ugh.

CAPE AND GLOVES



Walk undetected through Europe. Take pictures of their top secret castles, windmills, cafes and brothels. They won't know you are not from Europe until it's too late—it is the **PERFECT CRIME**.

Item #34109-014
Silk Cape $3.70

Item #34109-015
Silk Gloves $2.15

Item #34109-016
Silk shopping bag with realistic-looking baguette sticking out of it $1.09

Item #34109-015
Unsettlingly thin glue-on moustache $1.24

Junk.

CLEARANCE

ALL ITEMS 47¢

TRUTH SERUM CIGARETTES
There is no one who does not like to smoke. 100% effective on everyone.

UNDERWATER HYPNOPEN
Hypnotize sharks. Write on them, it works!

FLAMETHROWER LIGHTER
Keep separate from your regular lighter! It deceives!

CRAB-WALKING KIT
It will change your skeleton! Excruciatingly painful but worth it.

SKI MASK GRAPPLING HOOK
Mask unravels into rope. Grappling hook latches to back of skull.

FOR THE GAMBLER

Item #3459-07

PORTABLE BACCARAT DETECTOR

$16.95

Never miss another hand of the world's classiest card game! If there is a game of baccarat within two hundred miles of you, you will know. This **EASY-TO-CONCEAL** device is no larger or heavier than a standard car engine, and will detect any type of baccarat, from **BACCARAT CHEMIN DE FER** to **BACCARAT BANQUE**.

PLEASE NOTE:
The baccarat detector **DOES NOT** recognize punto banco as a form of baccarat. We're sure we do not have to tell you that Baccarat is to punto banco what a fine wine is to a toilet full of spoiled meat.

True. But no.

ITEM NO.	DESCRIPTION	QUANTITY
3459 01	Dead Ringer Spy Watch	1
3459 02	Cloak + Dagger Spy Watch	1

"If you aren't 100% satisfied with our fine line of spy products, you can take it up with me!"

Saxton Hale
CEO, Australian

MANN CO.
WE SELL PRODUCTS AND GET IN FIGHTS
A DIVISION OF TF INDUSTRIES

VALVE
[illegible]

YESTERDAY, AT VALVE...

Corey Daters

UM... SIR?

IS THERE A PROBLEM, MR. PETERS?

MAPS

M-MMISTER WALKER, IT'S JUST THAT... O-ONE OF THE NEW MAPS...

HM HMM HM

YESSS?

ONE OF THE NEW MAPS.. IS MISSING... SIR!

FIRE

BUTTON-PRESS!

MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS, AT TF2MAPS.NET...

TOP SECRET MAP

CLICK!